

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles desaigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state.
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
The graues stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the *Romane* streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of scarce euents
As harbingers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our *Climatures* and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmark

But soft, behold, lo where it comes
Ille crosse it though it blast mee: stay
If thou hast a y sound or vse of voice
Speake to mee, if there be any good
Thar: may to thee doe ease and grace
Speake to mee.

If thou art priuy to thy contries fate
Which happily foreknowing may
O speake:

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of
For which they say your spirits oft
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it

Mar. Shall I strike it with my p

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so Maiefti
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious n

Bar. It was about to speake wh

Hor. And then it started like a g

Vpon a searefull summons; I haue
The Cock that is the trumpet to th
Doth with his lofty and shrill sou
Awake the God of day, and at his
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or a
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit h
To his confine, and of the truth he
This present obiect made probatio

Mar. It faded on the crowing
Some say that euer gainst that sea
Wherein our Sauours birth is cel
This bird of dawning singeth all
And then they say no spirit dare f
The nights are wholsome, then no
No fairy takes, nor witch hath po